P81-048 (34)
March 11, 71

REVOLUTIONARY PROPAGANDA

AN INSIDE LOOK AT DISNEYLAND

ODDS-ON THE ELECTION

THE BROTHERS

...AND LOTS OF FILLER

My Dear Friends:

I would like to thank you for your fine reception and co-operation, which I received at the recent Shell Program on the Canadian North held at the college. I have not had the opportunity to listen to a group of university students before. This is also true for my friend, Agnes Semmler. It is refreshing to have the southern human element express many of the same desires as are usual in the north - a Just, honourable approach to our problems. Of course we have much work to do for this is only a beginning.

You (that is some of the students) enquired at the conference, how you could help. We had a chance to see the cross-country test skiers at Horseshoe Valley on the weekend. They are doing very well, but may not be able to compete in the Olympics unless they can obtain funds. They ask only for your help in raising funds for their endeavour. This team contains 80% of the Canadain National Team. Their success will be part of our contribution to Canada.

Gratefully yours,
Mrs. Nellie Cournoyea

Inuvik, N.W.T.

ANAL RESISTANCE

dave aylward - and friends
bill chandler - and kay
paul laevens - over exposed
leighton mcleod - dead or alive
brook taylor - an artsy
jean weir - the whip

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Lotus Eyes for Jackie T.

Dark eyes has she
and when she looks at me
I fall; sinking in their velvet
for I've never felt it,
this passion of love.
-S. Schardt

And then again...

I don't believe it! all this time I thought they were just telling us a story, about furniture, walls and lots of interesting legends. But it really is true, we now (as of Monday) have a real, live coffee shop.

The improvement is enormous. The new table and chairs actually look as if they were meant to be used, and although the walls are not beautiful (they could use some paint) they are infinitely more pleasant than the old "Arabian Nights" artistically drooping decor.

Three cheers for whoever finally got the coffee shop back together (we finally have a place to smoke in privacy) and a kick in the pants for whoever held it up so long.

jean

The Best Little Rag on Campus

THE SQUARE
balcony
Published by the Students of Scarborough College

ODDS-ON FAVOURITES

President
Miss Shirley Curson 5:3
Mr. Michael Hofstetter 1:1
Mr. David C. Onley 29:1
Mr. Robert Stewart 10:1

Vice-President
(two to be elected)
Mr. L. Dennis Chattaway 3:1
Mr. Robert Levine 19:1
Mr. Ian McGregor 2:1
Mr. Charles Milgrom 1:1

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Miss Shirley M. Curson 2:1
Miss Lois Moore 35:1

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Mr. John J. Archer 6:1
Miss Sharon Lyman 2:1

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(four to be elected)
Miss Trudy Blugerman 28:1
Mr. Soren Christensen 9:1
Miss Sharon Lyman :1
Miss Ann Peters 10:1
Miss Jean Weir 6:1

Fourth Year Representatives
Arts: Mr. Roman Kuczuk 1,176:1
(by acclamation)
Science: Vacant 1:1

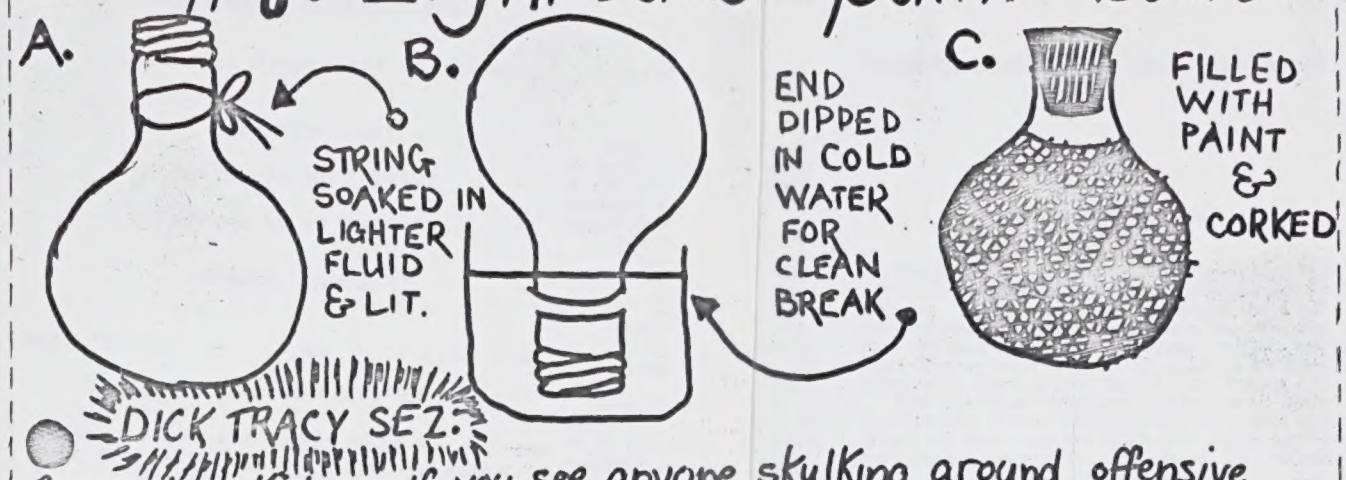
Third Year Representatives
Arts: (one to be elected)
Mr. Alfred G. Conduit
Mr. Ronald Coopman
Miss Ann Peters
} who?
Science:
Mr. Chris Bowie
(by acclamation) 1:1

Second Year Representatives
Arts: (one to be elected)
Mr. Frank Burns
Miss Janet Duncan
Mr. Ross W. Flowers
Mr. Phil Nedham
Mr. David Outhet
} will definitely be close
Science: (one to be elected)
Miss Jean Weir 1:223
Miss Myra Woodruff 1:222

CANDIDATES FORUM Monday, , 15 March
ELECTION DAY Tuesday, 16 March*

(*Additional Ballot Box at the foyer Sidney Smith Hall from noon to 2:00 p.m., Thursday only)

#1: Lightbulb paint-bomb



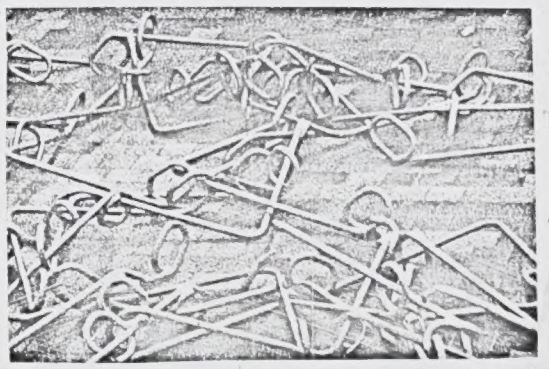
DICK TRACY SEZ:

Remember Kids — If you see anyone skulking around offensive billboards, signs or windows at night in 2's or 3's, they may be getting ready to deface private property, with the deadly paint-bomb! Also keep yer eyes on yer roommates who may be saving burned out bulbs instead of throwing them away! In any case, don't fergit to call the friendly police whenever yer suspicious!

A Petunia For January:

January wind, strong, cold
madly beating against
my nimb chest
plunging deep to the
bowels of my heart,
my feet shuffle over
the frozen sidewalk
like two ancient crabs,
my face stabs back
at the jade wind
with an absolute zero,
I rush quickly up
deserted Highfield Road
my tropical room
awaiting my arrival with
its sun-filled confetti
and my dear Helen
with her golden arms
trapping the cruel January wind
in her blue leather purse.

-J. Argiropoulos



THE SCARBOROUGH CHAIN OF COMMAND

POST-ELECTION HANGOVER

Jean Weir has been writing since September about the things that other people are concerned about now, at Election time.
Jean Weir: for SAC rep, and 2nd year Science rep.
Think about it.

CALL ME CAESAR

What sculptor could form your body fair,
give shape where others lack;
What painter could give colour to your hair,
brush the blush upon your cheek;
What genius could put knowledge into your mind,
give you thoughts that others cannot obtain;
What poet wouldn't pick up what you leave behind
and having written them, write them again;
What Caesar could attempt to rule you
and keep you for his own?

--E. Talbot

confidelle

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B.P. Stoicheff

Professor of Physics

University of Toronto

MONDAY, MARCH 15

ROOM H-215 at 4:00 P.M.

All Staff and Students Welcome

Tea, coffee and cakes will be served at 3:40 p.m. in the Faculty Lounge.

Beer and pretzels will be served at 5:00 p.m. in the Faculty Lounge.

MIT DRAGONS UND ALLES

Come gather round children, I'll sing you a song
About the land of the good, and the brave, and the strong
A land where righteousness flowers with ease
The land of the Scarborough House Committee.

This noble, fair body has guarded the door
'Gainst larceny, treachery, riots and more
Noise in the meeting place, speakers on high
And films shown by Cinescar that offend the eye.

Books could be written of members' debate
Weighty and crucial, these matters of state
All dealt with carefully, fully and then
Concisely recorded by Les Fees' own pen.

Oh, the hours spent in the Chamber of blue
By duty-conscious members, who are on Council too
Methinks what a pity these hours and more
Are spent on such trivia, and are such a bore.

April 13, 1970: Taimo Pallandi very perturbed about whole-disappearance of cafeteria utensils.
May 12,1970: Piano playing in the meeting place given the official frown.
Also, use of building by outside groups restricted to special occasions.
June 24, 1970: Official concern about attracting drug pushers to the concerts in the valley.
Nov. 18, 1970: First meeting of the college year.
Radio Varsity given permission to conduct a survey (using their own money) about student opinion on the speakers Radio Varsity wanted permission to install (with their own money)
Cinescar invited to lessen their profits by confining their activities to one night a week.
Security precautions here stressed once more and again, outside groups' use of facilities minimized.

Jean

NEWS RELEASE

RANK PRECISION INDUSTRIES (CANADA) LTD.

Can now provide a complete set of 21 Wall Charts covering Engineering Metrology Parameters, and showing the various instruments in each Parameter.

Price.....$10.00 per set

Contact: 1111 Finch Avenue West, Unit 34, Finch Centre, Downsview, Ontario.

IN DEFENSE OF WINTER

by Linda Joyce

Some people (weaklings, no doubt), unfit descendents of our country's pioneers, complain and grumble and grouch about,

cold fingers, faces feet
chapped hands, exorbitant heating bills,
heart attacks from shovelling snow,
power failures, automobile immobility,
coughs and colds and various viruses.

In short, a good many of man's ills, and blame them all on that poor undefended scapegoat known as winter.

People either escape or endure winter, but not a one of them has thought to enjoy winter. Enjoy it, you say? Enjoy the bleak sunless days? Enjoy the snowdrifts and the ice? Enjoy the snowballs and the skating and the skiing and Christmas (sobl), and Santa Claus and Christmas carols, and goodness and purity and truth and peace. Oh, I can't stand it. Bring winter back. I never want to see it go. I LOVE WINTER!

But that is the cry of the winter sentimentalist - one of the doers who never likes anything for what it is but for what he can do with it, to it, or in it. No, this is not true appreciation of winter. It is neccessary to feel the moods of winter to understand her strength under cover of beauty.

How people ignore the joys of the feeling of winter. The cruel blizzard tearing at your hair, the stinging snow almost blinding you, the wind shivering through your paperthin clothes. Like a great explorer you are struggling through a vast unfamiliar land. What was yesterday a straggly tree is today a glistening white sculpture, reching eerie fingers into the moody sky. What was yesterday a black hanging telephone wire is today a moving gliding mysterious creature. And so you the great discoverer push onwards ever uncertain of your fate. Will you reach your destination in safety, or be lost forever under a snowdrift only to be found in a mysterious pile of slush next spring? Ah, the challenge of winter.

And, what about the stillness of winter? The perfect peace thatinfects even the busiest street after a snowstorm. Only the gentle falling of the snow and the muttered curses of men late for work disturb the silence. And the lake, once a rocking mass of pollution is now still and silent under the cover of ice.

And what about the greyness of winter? The soft muted tones of a winter sky that rest the brain and relax the eye. No more covering your eyes with sunglasses to shut out the blinding brilliance of that stupid sun! (The snow, yes, but not the sun.)

And what good is the sun and the sea and the heat of summer if that is all you have felt? One needs a balance in nature as well as life. Good and bad, joy and sorrow, summer and .....

INNER SANCTUMS OF THE NURSES' RESIDENCE

by Christine Welldon

The Scarborough Regional School of Nursing isn't all starch and sterility. It has a few Scarborough College students. Has anyone ever wondered about us? We stout-hearted and staunch crusaders for vice, sex and sin, who bear such harsh treatment; who are manipulated like so much putty in the hands of its merciless ruling elite; who are given all the lousy rooms.

What are these complaints, you may ask. Where are the hardships in free transportation and laundry service? Aren't the rooms cleaned regularly? Aren't the lounges comfortable, the washrooms spotless? Qes, we answer.

But there are other details, however minor, that must be considered. For one thing, those signs and messages; those nagging, demanding, dictatorial reminders: NO FRYING IN KITCHEN. KEEP DOOR CLOSED. KEEP LIGHTS ON. DON'T PUT GREASE DOWN DRAINS. NO SMOKING IN ELEVATOR. These, we admit, are tolerable.

But then the upper echelons began to flaunt their power. Chortling gleefully, they bombarded our mailboxes with skillfully composed and threatening dictates. For example, the appliances would be disconnected should the appalling messes in the kitchens continue. Very strange that the only people threatened were those floors on which S.C. students and graduate nurses, so much unnecessary chaff, resided.

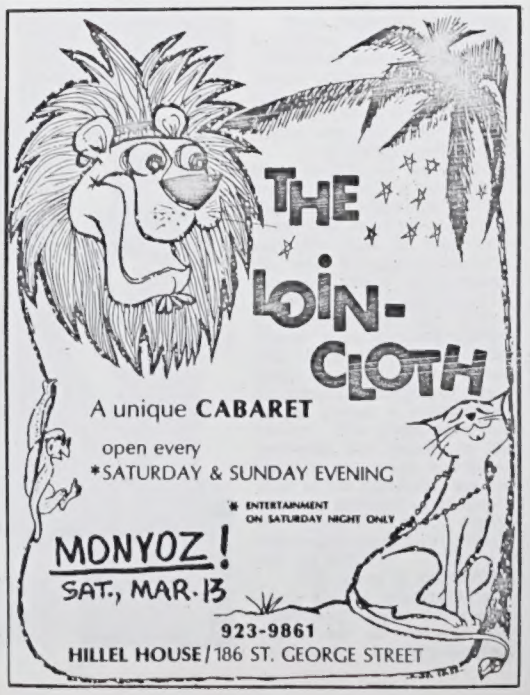
Then we were ordered to remove our snow boots at the entrance of the building. So we gritted our teeth and walked across the cold stone floors in bare feet. Undaunted, the whip wielders searched their vivid imaginations and came up with their most creative effort yet. We, the non-student residents - (by the way, non-student residents is our official status in the hierarchy, rather like plebs or peasants) - we, the non-student residents, were denied the use of the hospital cafeteria.

Not that the privileges of the hospital cafeteria or access to the hospital cafeteria food was any great loss, but then each stove in the residence has only two burners with twenty persons to a stove, NO FRYING ALLOWED, and the fridges are crammed to vomiting point with coagulating goodies.

What the mashers don't know is we are assets to the building. Who else brings intrigue, excitement, adventure into its DO NOT DISTURB atmosphere? Who else brings Pickin' Chicken delivery men past the TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED signs and into the inner sanctums of their very bedrooms?

We do!

The one thing we have gotten from all this, apart from ptomaine poisoning, has been the development of a magnificent stoic endurance. Anyone for the Nurses' Residence?



ENTERTAINMENT

Little Richard - the Rill Thing

When your little brother asked for the Grand Funk Live album for Christmas you explained to him how it was roughly on the same level musically as a series of random gorilla farts.

Right?

Then you bought him Self Portrait and he asked you in all innocence if that was the same guy that sang White Christmas.

A double standard has arisen in rock music between the people who have followed the development of ideas to an appreciation of Zappa or the Airplane, and the down home shake-ass people who keep such bands as Creedence Clearwater chooglin' to the bank after each release. Few bands within the business can bridge this gap without losing out on one or both sides. Led Zepplin and B.S. and T., although highly creative musicians have lost a lot of respect for appealing to the glandular and muscular mechanisms of their audience, while Steve Stills solo album is equally open to criticism in that brilliant arrangements and production often make it difficult to find the song. Have you ever tried to hum Deja Vu?

Little Richard, however, was at the beginning of all this rockroll. He has put together an album grown from the same roots, but with less complicated cross-breeding. For those who demand that sweat form on their speaker there is, well yes, Richard's voice. The man will not let go of a note whether he has to spatter his tonsils over the microphone or follow it off onto outerspace on one of those falsetto blasts. ("Paul McCartney once asked me, he said, Richard how do you do that, that ooooo. I said "son....") Then there is the Miracle Shoal Studio band that Richard puts through a ten minute arranged jam playing against a jazz flavoured paino with rock guitar and blueblue harp alternating on solos. The only musical weakness on the album is a sax that always seems to be looking for a line and never quite getting it. The best development in rock from the past years are combined beautifully in Richard's arrangements from the Mary Clayton type soul chorus and from Helen Superspeed drumming on "Greenwood" to the strong bass-lead line that works into but never dominates "Somebody saw you."

Landmarks are created in Freedom Blue which has one of those perfect na na na na na na na choruses that come out of your footsteps sometimes, and a rearrangement of "I Saw Her Standing There" that makes you wonder if the Beatles ever really did that song. A is the Little Richard manifesto, with a vocal and vackup that has more bull to it than anything recorded since Otis Redding's Love Man album. "I don't care what the man says / Gonna keep on thinkin' this way" he sings and then "I know you really really oh hey hey." As if we didn't know, Right? Little Richard, folks, is back.

THE HOSTAGE

by Charles Wrock

The Toronto Workshop Production of Brendan Behan's 'The Hostage' is a disappointment. The play opens with promise; a blackout, voices alternating, the effect is highly dramatic. The audience is drawn in. Weak acting and mediocre singing, however, destroy the initial impact. The play proceeds steadily downhill.

The play is not completely without merit. Ray Whelan as Pat, the owner of the boarding house in which the play is set, excels. His antics on stage produce more than a few chuckles for the usually bored audience. Barry Wasman too, as the effeminate Princess Grace aids the comic element of the play. The other comedian is Leo Burdak as Mr. Mulleady, one of the boarders. He is the perfect foil to Heather Ritchie's prim and proper Miss Gilchrist.

Leo Burdak plays a dual function in the play. Although the vocal element of the music is poor, Mr. Burdak's piano playing contributes greatly to the excellent musical score. The inclusion of bagpipes and mandolins, strange as they may seem, produce a very interesting and effective background.

In the final act there is an attempt to salvage the play. The Hostage's death is supposed to be highly sensual and emotional. The Hostage's death is, a lot of loud noise and a few crocodile tears.

The Hostage dies, the players sing yet another song, and as the people slowly file out of the theatre, a feeling that a shroud has covered a still-warm corpse envelopes all.

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OR

CONTACT YOUR STUDENT COUNCIL

The Brothers
by Bill Chandler

The Brothers as written by the Roman Terence, is a comedy in the traditional mode. The Brothers, as performed by the Studio Lab Theatre is the same comedy turned into a modern burlesque. The two plays do share common ground but the players who perform it have not made sufficient acknowledgement or use of this common ground.

Both these forms of comedy, despite their vast time separation, depend on their form, or more precisely their formula, for their success. In Terence, mistaken identity and confusion are the basis of the play. In burlesque, slapstick and bawdy humour are the basis. Both plays incorporate exaggerated histrionics with suitable loud and boisterous vocal accompaniment.

Studio Lab has recognized this common ground but any further comparisons have eluded them. The entire production dotes on the boisterous and bawdy elements and as a result becomes more of a take-off on a modern burlesque than a blending of the two traditions.

The reasons for this blending, other than to provide an interesting study of the two modes, eludes the audience. The play starts with a to ur of voyeristic delights set in a Fellini Satyricon scene. The result is a very intimidated audience. This would seem to suggest some moral comment but this type of statement is never attemp ted again in the play, rather there is a constant onslaught of bawdy burlesque, sing alongs and audience participation.

There are also mentions of pollution, birth control and censorship, but none of these mentions seems to fit into the structure of the blend of these two traditions. They come across as only random ramblings.

The play therefore only appears to be an attempt at burlesque and the incorporation of the Terence play only an attempt to make the production legitamate.

Even regarded as purely burlesque, the play is not completely successful. Burlesque is a fast-moving comedy that requires excellent communication among the actors who are performing it

A probable reason for their lacking is the theatre company's strong leaning toward improvisational work. With this type of approach and this type of material, the need for communication is even more demanding.

On opening night the communication was not there. There were several enjoyable moments, but on the whole the production was not an enjoyable sapping of energy but rather a tedious exercise. The production has potential for merit, as the players get more and more used to the material, but one is more inclined to think that the number of good nights will occur sporadically through its run.

The show is worthwhile as a night's entertainment, especially if you hit a good night, but as theatre the production is sadly lacking.

POETRY and ROSE

Englishman

The Word has entered into my life
It controls my every thought, this harbinger of light.
I look down upon the rabble and excitedly stammer
I've found the core of English: the word is GRAMMAR!

Lynda Joyce

THE ABSTACTS OF REALITY IN BLANK VERSE BY JOEY AND SUZANNE

; '
? '

by Suzanne and Joey.

To Those Who Say Reality Rests In The Eye Of The Beholder:

You are alone and lost in the arctic snows.
You have lost the last of your life-support possessions:
Food, fuel, and clothing.
It is twenty below not counting the wind-chill factor.
You will soon die.

But in your mind you've decided to rebel against the Reality of your situation.
You don't want to be cold, hungry and dying.
So you change Reality.
You decide, whether by delusion, whim, emotion, or desire,
That it is really 85 degrees and you have just eaten a Turkey dinner and are not hungry.

You haven't eaten in four days.
But in your Reality you are warm and have a full tummy.
Somebody else can come by and tell you that you are near Death from exposure -
But that's only their OPINION.
How do they KNOW what Reality is?
Who the Hell are they that can tell you what Reality is?
Humph, some smart-ass!

A search plane flies overhead,
And unable to lane due to terrain conditions,
Drops a parachute with supplies.
You stagger over (of course you're really driving a Cadillac
You open the box which contains food, fuel, and blankets.
But you say, 'Who needs a box full of glass marbles?'

But then, even if you perceived the food and clothing,
You didn't need it anyway -
After all, it's 85 and you're not hungry.

Ten minutes later:
You have just now died - I hope you enjoy it.
Perhaps you won't believe you're actually dead.
After all, who is to say.....

• • • • • • • • • • • • • •

What happened? Why did you die? You were living in Reality
Weren't you?

Sorry friend, but REALITY does not play games;
Reality is ever-present, undeniable and objective.
It does not lend itself to ANY human whim, wish, or fantasy.
And if you disobey Reality, then you will pay.

The only way to perceive Reality most accurately,
Is by the process of REASON, of pure rational thinking -
Nothing else will do:
Faith, Hope, Instinct, Desire, Delusion,
ALL ULTIMATELY FAIL.

Objective Reality exists

If you do not, or choose to defy it
You will die.
- And what's more:
YOU WILL DESERVE IT.

VB

DEMOCRATIC ELECTION

TUESDAY

VOTE

LACK OF MONEY ENDANGERS INUVIK SKI PROGRAM

by Paul Scrivener
special from Globe & Mail

Canada's Cross Country Ski Team will be forced to curtail its training and racing program unless it gets more money, charged Richard Hill, chairman of the tean's Board of Directors.

Hill, who is also manager of the federally operated Inuvik Research Laboratory and Mayor of the little town north of the Arctic Circle, said the Ski Team has been unable to raise enough money to cover this year's budget of $83,000.

The National Cross Country Ski Team is an offshoot of the Territorial Experimental Ski Training (TEST) Program organized by the Northwest Territories government in 1964.

Faced with an increasing juvenile delinquency problem involving Indian and Eskimo children, the Territorial government asked Father Jean Marie Mouchet of Old Crow, in the Yukon, to organize the ski program which was designed for the simple purpose of keeping native youth busy.

Father Mouchet, who trained with the French Ski Troops during the Second World War, started the TEST program in Inuvik where problems with native youngsters were the greatest.

Inuvik is an educational centre for the Northwest Territories where more than 400 Eskimo and Indian children, brought in from outlying settlements, board at two hostels run by the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches.

After launching the TEST project, Father Mouchet returned to Old Crow, leaving the ski program in the hands of Norwegian ski-coach Bjorger Pettersen.

In 1967, the Canada Fitness Council recognized the TEST program with a yearly grant, of $25,000. Without this grant, the team faced with an $83,000 budget would cease to exist.

The Inuvik Ski Club under president Michael Yip, is trying to raise $58,000 from local, territorial and national sources.

He said Inuvik, which has a population of 3,000 has donated more that $5000. He expects a $10,000 grant from the Northwest Territories government.

However, Yip admits the Inuvik Ski Club "is quite short of the $58,000 target."

Cross country skiing is ideal for the Northwest Territories because of the gently rolling landscape and the abundant snowfall which lasts eight months of the year.

According to Mayor Hill, cross country skiing has become so popular that more that 500 persons, ranging in age from five to 22, are enroled in skiing programs throughout the north. There are nine ski teams at Inuvik and three at Old Crow.

Coach Pettersen has divided the National Team into two sections which are both kept on a rigorous training schedule.

At 6:30 every morning, the young skiers tumble out of bed to face a half-hour of exercises.

After morning school, they ski and ski. The "A" Team skis an average of 40 to 70 kilometers daily.

When the Arctic night settles in for a month-and-half, the teams ski on a 2 1/2-kilometer course illuminated by 150-watt light bulbs set up on long tripods.

Pettersen, the 27 year old native of Oslo, estimated that this year the senior 12-member "A" Team will ski more than 4,000 miles in training alone, and will hoist 3,249,000 pounds in their weight-lifting sessions which includes boosting about 600,000 tons in deep knee bends alone.

For a change of pace, the teams jog, play soccer, and basketball.

Pettersen stops the daily ski practice only when the thermometer plunges to 60 below zero.

In summer, the Ski-Teams run a camp at Lake Louise to keep in shape.

Pettersen said the youngsters manage to do very well at school despite the time they spend on the toad travelling to competitions.

The batchelor coach noted, "If the merits of the TEST program findings are as promising as they seem today, then the TEST method should be included in the school system."

One of the hostel supervisors, Paul Leroux said TEST is a sociological study of motivation.

He explained that before joining the programme, many of the Indian and Eskimo children were disinterested and unmotivated in life. Now they have become self confident and constructive.

"No one on the team has ever been to court b on a liqour problem..this is quite a novelty in the north."

However, TEST officials all agree the big problem this year is money.

As well as providing living expenses and equipment for the National Cross Country Ski Teams, of 65, the $83,000 budget includes extensive travel plans.

The team has raised more than $20,000 this winter to continue competition on the North American continent.

Pettersen noted, however, the team has saved a lot of money by offering to board many competing teams free of charge at the Northwest Territories' Top of the World ski meet to be held April 11-18, and their competitors have reciprocated.

Now, when the ski team travels it is often able to find free lodgings.

Last weekend, the A team was housed at Base Borden during the Nordic Championships at Horseshoe Valley by the Ex
the Estonian Ski Club which sponsored the event.

Coach Pettersen estimated the ski team needs about $7,000 to travel to cross-country competions in Scandinavian countries.

The team wants to race at Falun, Sweden; Lahti, Finland and the Hollenkollen meet in Norway near Oslo. The team which will have 10 racers, a tutor and Pettersen, must have the money by Feb. 22 if they are to go to Europe.

They are operating from a hand-to-mouth wearing old clothes, including unmatched uniforms at ski meets.